

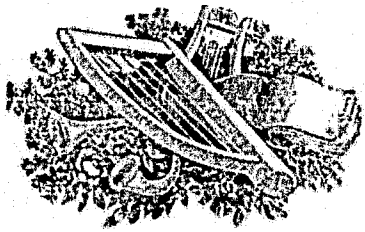
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POETRY.

[From the U. S. Gazette.]
BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

On seeing an Ancient Picture of a Beautiful Lady.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

How loudly rang her ready praise
In her ancestral hall,
How beautiful at the level, once,
How graceful at the ball.
It matters not—that fair one now,
The idol of the brave,
The pageant of a former hour,
Is beauty in the grave.
How much admired for sparkling wit
And prized for virtues, true,
How by the multitude esteemed,
Beloved by the few.
It matters not—alike the same
To him, as is the slave,
The sordid worm holds banquetting
On Beauty in the Grave.
The well proportioned shape, the grace
Of woman's queenly tread,
The sparkling eye, the budding lip,
Of nature's dewy red—
The thousand witcheries that still
Our warmest homage crave,
What are they in death's arms, and what
Is Beauty in the Grave?
Go ye to whom are faultless forms
And lovely features given,
To manifest that still below
Is something left of Heaven—
Go—in humility forget
The charms ye cannot save;
Look hence a little hour and see
Your Beauty in the Grave.
And look upon the laughing earth,
Where spring in careless play
Puts forth her fairest blossoms, but
To deck them with decay,
And look upon the face of all
That's beautiful and brave,
On every blessing least to man
Are traces of the grave.
Yet gaze on one from whom that trace
May never pass away,
Though, he corruption never saw
Nor in its realms could stay,
And see the immortal scars
That may the sinner save,
The victory of him who came
In beauty from the Grave.

THE YANKEE AND BRITISH OFFICER.

During the last American war, a small schooner laden with silks, wines and brandy belonging to Stonington, Conn., was hailed on her homeward passage from France by a British armed brig, when the following dialogue took place between the commanding officer of the brig and the master of the schooner.

Officer. Schooner ahoy!
Yankee. Hallow!
Officer. Who commands that schooner?
Yankee. Brother Jonathan uso tu, but I du now.

Officer. Brother Jonathan? Who the d— is brother Jonathan?

Yankee. You must be a darn'd fool, not to know Brother Jonathan—every body in town knows him.

Officer. Send your boat on board.

Yankee. I don't know whether I shall or not; for the boat's all soggy, and I han't got no new clothes—Brother Jonathan's got a new coat, if he's mind to go he may, but I'm sure I shan't.

Officer. Strike!

Yankee. Strike! Why I han't got nobody here to strike, but dad; he's cooking, and he's crazy; and if I strike him, he'll strike right back again; so its no uso.

Officer. What are you loaded with?

Yankee. Bale goods, and hens, and hen's husbands, and hob-goblins, and long faced gentry.

Officer. Where are you bound to?

Yankee. S-t-o-n-i-n-g-t-o-w-n.

Officer. Where's your 'bale goods'?

Yankee. There they be.

Officer. You d—d fool, do you call them bale goods?

By this time Brother Jonathan had boarded the brig, where he was compelled to remain until the schooner was examined by the British officer.

Pointing to some bundles of elapheas and shingles, which he took with him on his outward passage as a covering for his cargo.

Yankee. Why sarin! dont you?

Officer. Where's your 'hens and hen's husbands'?

Yankee. There they be, in that-are coop there.

Officer. Where's your 'hob-goblins'?

Yankee. There they be, in that-are tother great large coop there.

Officer. Where's your 'long-faced gentry'?

Yankee. There they be, in that-are pig-stye.

Officer. Have you got any thing to drink on board?

Yankee. We had some rum when we came away, but the cag's way down under the load, and if you try you can't get it; so its no use.

The British officer having received but little satisfaction, and having no doubt become disgusted at the seeming ignorance of the Yankee, returned on board his brig; and after ordering Brother Jonathan a dozen stripes to learn his wisdom, left the poor simple creatures to take care of themselves!! A few days afterwards the vessel arrived at Boston with a cargo valued at One hundred thousand dollars!!

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

A RUSE DE GUERRE.—Strategie as well as force is among all nations considered justifiable in war, but whether the conduct which we are about to relate, should be considered strictly in accordance with the moral principles which ought to regulate the actions of men, we leave to casuists to decide.

During the early part of the last war with Great Britain, a small brig mounting about ten sixes, with a crew of forty or fifty men, sailed from New England at a letter-of-Marque, with permission to cruise as a privateer for a certain length of time, and capture prizes from the enemy. While cruising in the latitude of the homeward-bound West Indianmen, the brig one morning fell in with a large ship, to which she gave chase, but the Captain, an "old sea-dog," on reconnoitering her through his spy-glass, was satisfied that she mounted too many guns to contend with, with any prospect of success, and hauled off much to the dissatisfaction of the crew, who attributed his conduct to want of spirit and courage. In fact, they were not backward in exhibiting their feelings, and the word coward was more than once bandied about the ship in the hearing of the Captain.

A few days afterwards the brig fell in with another vessel. Every stitch of canvas was spread, and just at night, the chase was made out to be a large West Indianman, apparently well armed and manned, and looking like an "ugly customer." "Now," said the Yankee Captain to his crew, "I wish you to listen, men to what I am going to say. I heard some of you muttering something not long since about cowards,—and to oblige you, I will give you an opportunity of testing the courage of every man on board. You see that ship ahead. She is pierced for twenty four guns, and probably carries sixteen at least of heavy metal. That ship shall be my prize before two hours. So look out for squalls. If some of you don't lose the number of your mess I'm mistaken. But mind ye, no backing out. Cowards, ha!"

The crew looked rather blank at this pithy harangue, but dared not remonstrate. They were caught in their own toils, and resolved to fight it out like men.

Night came on, but they still kept sight of the Englishman. It was about half past eight in the evening, when they ranged up within hail, on the weather quarter of their more bulky antagonist, who had every man at quarters, evidently prepared for a brush, and with his high bulwarks, and numerous deck lanterns, presented rather a formidable appearance. The Captain of the brig seized his speaking trumpet, and in a prompt manner hailed the stranger.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hallow!"

"Heave too—and I'll send my boat on board."

"What brig is that, pray?"

"The United States brig Argus!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

John Bull thought it would be madness to contend with the U. S. brig Argus, which was well known to be a crack Sloop of War of 20 guns and accordingly backed his main top sail without further parley. The Yankees were thunderstruck at their Captains imprudence.—But the quarter boat was lowered, and officered and manned immediately in a true man of war style.

The American officer ascended the gang way of the English ship, with a "swab" on his shoulder. "What ship is this?" said he in an authoritative tone, as he reached the deck.

"The English ship Charnavon Castle, sir, from Barbadoes, bound to Bristol," returned the Englishman submissively.

"Then sir, you will please to step into the boat, with your papers, and return with me on board the Argus. Mr. Simpson," said he to the Captain's clerk, who filled the post of a midly on this occasion, "I leave you with the men in charge of the ship; you will proceed to put the prisoners in irons ready to be transferred to the Argus."

When the British Captain arrived along side the Argus, he was astonished at her diminutive size, when he got on board he, saw at once that

he had been duped; but it was then too late to remedy the evil. "Sir," said he to the Yankee Captain, more in anger than in sorrow, "you told me this vessel was the United States brig Argus." "And I told you the truth, sir. Her name is the Argus,—and she belongs to the United States!"

A PERILOUS INCIDENT.

We copy the following perilous, but rather ludicrous incident, from Captain Marryat's last and most interesting work—Jacob Faithful.—The scene is in a London warehouse, on the wharf, where goods were in the act of being hoisted up from a Thames lighter; and the principal characters are Old Tom, commander of the boat, standing on two wooden pins, and young Tom, his son, a lad some fifteen years of age.

One morning old Tom came under the crane to discharge his lighter, and wished to see me, when the fall had been overhauled down, to heave up the casks with which the lighter was laden, instead of looking on a cask, held on by his hands crying out, 'hoist away,' intending to be hoisted himself up to the floor of the warehouse where I was presiding. Now there was nothing unusual in this whim of old Tom's, but still he ran a very narrow chance, in consequence of an extra whim of young Tom's, who as soon as his father was suspended in the air, caught hold of his two wooden stumps, and as he caught hold of them, standing on tiptoe, they both swung clear of the lighter, which could not approach to within five feet of the building. The crane was on the third story of the warehouse, and very high up.

"Tom Tom, you rascal, what the devil are you about?" said the old man, when he felt the weight of his son's body hanging to him.

"Going up long with you, father—hope we shall go to heaven the same way."

"More likely go to the devil together, you little fool; I never can bear your weight. Hoist away there quick!"

Hearing the voice, I looked out of the door, and perceiving their situation, ordered the men to hoist away as fast as they could, before old Tom's strength should be exhausted; but it was a compound movement crane, and he could not hoist very fast, although we could hoist very great weights. At last, as they were wound up higher and higher, old Tom's strength was going fast.

"O Tom, what must be done? I can't—I can't hold on but a little longer, and we shall both be dashed to pieces. My poor boy!"

"Well then, I'll let go father; it was all my folly, and I'll be the sufferer."

"Let go!" cried old Tom; "no, no, Tom—don't let go my boy—don't let go!"

"Well, father, how much longer can you hold on?"

"A little—very little longer," replied the old man, struggling.

"Well, hold fast now, cried young Tom, who, raising his head above his arms, with great exertion, shifted one of his hands to his father's thigh, then the other, raising himself as before; he then caught at the seat of his father's trousers with his teeth; old Tom groaned, for his son had taken hold of more than the garment; he then shifted his hands to round his father's body—from thence, gained the collar of his father's jacket—from the collar he climbed to his father's shoulders, from whence he seized hold of the fall above, and relieved his father of his weight.

"Now, father, are you all right?" panting as he clung to the fall above him.

"I can't hold on ten seconds more, Tom—no longer—my clutch is growing now."

"Hang on by your eyelids, father, if you love me," cried Tom, in an agony.

It was an awful moment; they were now at last sixty feet above the lighter, suspended in the air; the men whirled round the wheel, and I had at last the pleasure of hauling them both in on the floor of the warehouse, the old man so exhausted that he could not speak for more than a minute.

LAFAYETTE.

Every thing relative to the obsequies of this illustrious man cannot fail to be read with interest by his friends in America. We therefore copy the following from a correspondent of the London Courier, at Paris, written while the funeral procession was moving:—

The streets of the interior of this capital presented this morning the appearance of a desert, while the entire extent of the Boulevards, and the streets leading to them, were filled with dense masses of the inhabitants crowding at every point promised to command a view of the funeral procession of Lafayette, appointed to-day. In point of numbers the spectators congregated at the funeral of General Lamarque, or those at the more recent interment of M. Dulong, were but trifling when compared with the incalculable quantities of people present at the sad ceremonial of to-day. To the present hour (about three) every thing has passed off with the most perfect tranquility, nor is there any apprehension entertained in any quarter that attempts will be made to disturb the public peace, or that the memory of the most popular citizen of France will be insulted by a recurrence

of the scenes which the country had to lament upon a former occasion, when the persuasions of LAFAYETTE himself, over the hearso of LAMARQUE, insufficient to induce the perpetrators of the 6th June to abandon their designs. Great numbers of military are present in the funeral procession, not perhaps more with an intention on the part of the Government of rendering homage to the character of the deceased, than as a measure of precaution, should the immense accumulation of all classes which the occasion has caused give rise to any unexpected collision. The general regret felt throughout this city for the venerable deceased is, with a great majority, entirely apart from politics, for, though a most inflexible republican, the asperities of party never found a place in his truly liberal and generous mind.

A political opponent once out of the arena, was, to LAFAYETTE, no longer any thing but a friend; the circle of those admitted to share his private hospitality was so ample, that it comprised the partisans of nearly every doctrine, and almost the natives of every clime; but no feeling was ever wounded, nor even a prejudice assailed within its sacred limits. It was, doubtless, to this admirable feature in his private character that he owed much of the affectionate esteem which every party regarded him with, and which has turned Paris—frivolous, volatile Paris—to-day, into a city of mourning. The illness which has proved fatal to the venerable General commenced soon after the funeral of M. Dulong, who, you will recollect, was shot in a duel some three months ago, or thereabouts. On that occasion he persisted, against the remonstrances of his friends, in following the hearso on foot the whole of the distance to Pere la Chaise; and, with his other colleagues of the Chamber of Deputies who attended on that occasion, walked bareheaded. Such is the custom in France; but both would have been willingly dispensed with in favor of any man of seventy-seven, and more particularly as that man was the venerated LAFAYETTE. The cold and fatigue affected him for some days, but he partially recovered, and was present several times in his place in the Chamber. It was his intention to have spoken against the Association Law, and I believe he had inserted his name in the list of its opponents. When the period came, however, he was confined to his bed; and, though he afterwards rose and was pronounced convalescent, he never perfectly recovered. About a week since symptoms of malignant fever were suddenly manifest, and in the enfeebled state of his constitution, he sunk under the malady known to you.

'NOW MY MIND IS AT EASE.'

Who might Port Royal Tom be?" inquired the Dominin; "a relation of yours?"

"I hope not master, for I wanted none of his acquaintance; he was a shark about twenty feet long, who rowed the guard in the harbor to prevent the men-of-war's men from deserting, and was pensioned by the government."

Pensioned by the government! nay, but that soundeth strangely. I have heard that pensions have been most lavishly bestowed, but not that it extended so far.—Truly it must have been a sinecure.

I don't know what the last may be, replied Old Tom, but I heard our boatswain, in the Minerve, who talked politics a bit, say as how half the pensions were held by a pack of d—d sharks; but in this here shask's case, it wasn't in money, master; but he'd regular rations of bullock's liver to persuade him to remain in harbor, and no one dare swim on shore when he was cruising round the ships. Well, old Pigtown, with his white trousers and straw hat, red nose and big belly, was as well known as he could be; and he was a capital old fellow for remembering and executing commission, provided you gave him the money first; if not, he always took care to forget them.

Old Pigtown had a son, a little dark or so, which provided that his mother wasn't quite as fair as lily, and this son was employed in the drogher, that is a small craft which goes round to the bays of the island, and takes off the sugars to the West India traders. One fine day the drogher was driven out to sea and never heard of afterwards. Now old Pigtown was very anxious about what had come of his son, and day after day expected he would come back again but he never did, for a very good reason, as you shall hear by and by; and every one knowing old Pigtown and he knowing every body, it was at least fifty times a day that the question was put to him,—"Well, Pigtown, have you heard any thing of your son?" And fifty times a day he would reply, "No; and mind's but ill at ease." Well, it was two or three months afterwards, that when I was in the schooner with him, as we lay becalmed between the islands, with the sun frizzling our wigs and planks so hot that you couldn't walk without your shoes, that we hooked a large shark which came howling under our counter. We got him on board and cut him up. When we opened his inside, what should I see but something. I took it out, and sure enough it was a silver watch.

So I hands it to old Pigtown. He looks at it very tentatively, opens the case, reads the maker's name, and then shuts it up again "This

here watch, says he, belonged to my son Jack. I bought it for a chap in a South Whaler for 3 dollars and a roll of pigtail, and a very good watch it was, though I perceive it be stopped now. Now, d'ye see, it's all clear, the drogher must have gone down in a squall—the shark must have picked my son Jack, and must have digested his body, but has not have been able to digest his watch. Now I knows what's become of him, and so—my mind's at ease."—Jacob Faithful.

RIOT AT FAIRFIELD COUNTY GAOL.

The Bridgeport Farmer of Wednesday last gives the following particulars of an attempt of the prisoners in Fairfield (Conn.) county gaol Fairfield to make their escape:

On the night of the 30th of June, an attempt was made by three of the prisoners to escape from Fairfield gaol. In the early part of the evening, from something he had seen or overheard, Mr. Peck, the gaoler, suspected that some design was to be attempted during the night. He therefore took the precaution to sit up, after his family had retired, to watch the movements of the prisoners. About 12 o'clock he heard them commencing operations. He immediately called the assistance of a couple of men living with him, and after a hasty preparation, entered the room of the culprits, before they were hardly aware of his approach. On entering, he found each of the prisoners on his bed, apparently asleep. Leaving one of his men at the door, he proceeded round the room with the other, in search of the instrument with which they had been at work. Having discovered it, he was in the act of returning from the room, with the auger in his hand, when one of the prisoners sprang from his bed, and struck the man who was with Mr. Peck, a blow on the head with a club, which brought him immediately to the floor. All three then attacked Mr. P. with the greatest fury, and seemed determined, if possible, to take his life. Mr. P. defended himself with a chair until the man who was prostrated had recovered, and came to his assistance. The struggle then waxed hotter and harder, and for some time it was doubtful who would be the conquerors.—The room was dark, and the man at the door had stepped out and turned the key, afraid to render any assistance. At length Mr. P. obtained a little advantage of the prisoners, and ordered the door to be opened, when he and his man retreated from the room, but were unable to close the door so as to lock it after them, in consequence of an old great coat which had caught between it and the sill. They however succeeded in fastening it temporarily, with a stick, so as to allow themselves time to escape from the hall, which they did, and bolted the door after them. The prisoners soon forced open their door, and immediately released all the others (8) from their rooms, by breaking the padlocks with the bottom plate of a box-stove, which was standing in the hall. All (eleven) were now in the hall, determined, if possible, to make their escape. They first attacked the windows, which they shattered to pieces in an instant, and tore away the grates sufficient for a passage out. By this time, the alarm having been given by Mr. Peck's wife, several of the neighbors arrived, while one of the prisoners was crawling through the window. A pile of wood lay under the window, from which each of them took a pole, and beat the fellow back into the hall. They next attacked the hall door with great fury, and for a time it seemed as if they would have it down in spite of every thing that could be done. They tore the casing entirely from it, leaving the post naked on the inside. It was finally secured by running a couple of rails through a hole in the middle, and prying at the ends. Several men who had been despatched after arms, presently returned with a number of muskets and bayonets, which being loaded and prepared, the prisoners were ordered to go to their rooms.—All except the three ringleaders immediately obeyed the command. These declared they would not obey, and threatened with instant death the first man that attempted to enter the hall. The door was however thrown open, and a desperate struggle ensued, the prisoners resisting till they were forced at the point of bayonet, inch by inch, to retreat to their room. Having got in, they suddenly turned and fastened their door with the stove plate with which they had released the other prisoners, and for a while defied all attempts to effect an entrance. The door was at length opened by the help of crowbars, levers, &c. and the three gentlemen were snugly secured with irons. One of them was pierced nearly through the shoulder with a bayonet, before he would yield his ground in the hall. Probably three more desperate fellows were never in this gaol. Their names are John Towery, alias Gordon D. Pratt, Thomas Van Lane, and Benjamin Lester, imprisoned and awaiting trial on a charge of burglary in Norwalk.

There is more true charity in one kind tear that falls in private for the sorrows and sufferings of others, than in a thousand guineas proudly ushered into notice of the world in all the pomp and parade of public contribution.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, AUGUST 5, 1834.

We are informed that the federal Convention, holden at Augusta last week, nominated as their candidate for Governor the Hon. Peleg Sprague, Senator in Congress from Maine. We are gratified in the selection thus made by them. Mr. Sprague is the personification of their party and principles. He has distinguished himself for years, as the humble and servile follower of Daniel Webster, and the pliant tool of the Bank. He has treated the people of this State with the most open and gross insult and contempt. The repeated instructions of the Legislature have been sneered at and disregarded by him. The right of constituents to instruct their Representatives has by him been violated and scorned. The slave of a party he has never ventured to act for himself or for the people. The leaders of the opposition have always found him a ready and humble follower, even when some in their ranks who had not lost all pride of character or regard to duty, shrunk from the folly and madness of their schemes. Was Mr. Sprague ever known to falter when the Bank directed its servants to any dirty piece of work? He has done many things in opposition to the known and expressed wishes of the people of this State, but was he ever known to vote, speak, or act, in opposition to the slightest intimations of the pleasure of the Bank party? He has indirectly stigmatised the people of this State as being ignorant of their own interests and wishes, and while acting in direct opposition to both, he has insultingly told them that he knew better than they what was best for them. For all this political profligacy he has well deserved at the hands of his party the reward he has received and which he had a right to demand.—It only remains to be seen whether the people will humbly kiss the rod with which they have been chastised, and acknowledge the justice of the reproach of ignorance and imbecility which he has cast upon them, by electing him for their Chief Magistrate. If the freemen of this State are degraded enough to submit patiently to such insults and to humbly kiss the hand that has bestowed them, then indeed is Mr. Sprague the proper man for their governor. In some respects, Mr. Holmes would have been the more suitable representative of the character and principles of that party; but then the Bank has paid him for his services by making him one of its directors, and Mr. Sprague has threatened to leave the State unless he could be provided for. We have no knowledge of Mr. Sprague but as a politician, nor do the people feel interested in him otherwise than as presented to them as the Bank candidate for governor. The question will now be fairly submitted to the people of this State whether the conduct of Mr. Sprague meets their approbation—whether he did right in disregarding their wishes and instructions, and making his own will the guide of his conduct in preference to their directions.—Mr. Sprague has frequently stigmatised the President as a tyrant, assuming arbitrary power and acknowledging no master but his own arbitrary will. The people have passed upon the conduct of the President and have given him a decided verdict of approval. What act of the President will compare with the arbitrary conduct of Mr. Sprague in disregarding the instructions of the Legislature or this State? He has set up his will against the will of the people, and if he has yielded to any instructions they have been that of the Bank. We repeat it that we are pleased that the federal party have selected for their candidate a man whose politics are so well known to the people. We are prepared to abide by their decision.

The mode of electioneering pursued by the federalists in this State has somewhat of the charm of novelty, how the people will relish the innovation remains to be seen. We do not now allude to the circulation of newspapers, speeches, and political tracts, nor to the funds raised in Boston for the political conversion of the benighted inhabitants of "down east." There is nothing new in this; the experiment has been too often tried to excite alarm or apprehension. The people understand such matters. We refer to the personal electioneering of their candidate Mr. Sprague. Heretofore candidates for office among us have left electioneering to their personal and political friends, and abstained from personal solicitations.—Whether this practice has originated and been continued from feelings of self respect, or that the candidates felt some delicacy in praising themselves and obtruding their claims for office upon the notice of the people, is not material. Certain it is that there is something repugnant to New England notions of propriety, for a man to travel about the country openly electioneering for himself—soliciting the votes of the people and vilifying and abusing his political opponents. Yet such has been the course pursued by the federal candidate for governor.—We say nothing of the lavish use he has made of his franking privilege, during the last session of Congress, though in this section of the State his favors have been showered in tenfold proportion compared with any former session of Congress, and he was undoubtedly soliciting the favorable regard of the people in view of the nomination he has now received. He has harrassed the people whenever a few could be collected to hear him, in various parts of the State, and we understand he made a speech to the Convention by whom he was nominated. Now there is nothing morally wrong in this and if Mr. Sprague chooses to journey through the State, in imitation of his leader, Mr. Clay, eating dinners and making speeches—telling the people how great and good a man he is—how pure and patriotic his course has been, and what an excellent governor he shall make, (when he is elected,) why we have no objections. Mr. Clay might have told him what success he met with when after disregarding the instructions of his State and selling his vote to Mr. Adams, he endeavored to prevail upon the people to ratify the bargain. And from thence Mr. Sprague may learn his chance of success when he asks the people of this State to ratify his bargain with the Bank, and to transfer themselves to the power of this moneyed institution.

A federal Convention will be holden in this place tomorrow for the nomination of candidates for county officers and member of Congress from this district.

The Democratic Republicans of Paris are requested to meet at the Court House, on Saturday the ninth day of August, at 5 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the County and District Conventions to be holden at said Paris, on Wednesday the 13th inst. and for the transaction of such other business as they may deem proper.

At a meeting of the Democratic Republicans of Norway, held on the twelfth day of July, for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the County Convention, JOSEPH SWIFT was chosen Chairman, and HENRY C. REED, Secretary. The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered and unanimously passed as expressive of the sense of the meeting. In pursuance of a vote

of the meeting we have obtained a copy of them for publication. We lay them before our readers with much pleasure, as exhibiting the feeling that pervades the democratic yeomanry of our County in relation to the political movements of the day. The people here are neither ignorant nor inattentive to what is going on. We trust that the exertions of the federal party will arouse them to attend the polls one and all, and we have no fears as to the result. We hope the energy and resolution of our friends in Norway will be imitated throughout the county.

The ancient enemies of the Republic have formed an alliance of their political interests, hopes, and aims, with the pecuniary interests of the Bank of the United States. Thus placing themselves and their cause under that powerful moneyed institution, and covertly, but indirectly assuming the guidance of its operations, they are wielding its immense funds and influence to aid and to shield them in their assaults upon the people and the Government. Their late beligerent and nefarious maneuvers have manifested a degree of boldness and violence hitherto unknown in the history of that desperate faction. They commenced hostilities against the people, by arbitrarily curtailing discounts and calling in the loans of the extensive corporation under their control, at the mother Bank and many of its branches, and by putting the whole machine throughout the country in the posture of aggression against the State and local Banks, to intimidate them from loaning money.

By this process, they effected a pressure for money and a derangement in the currency, which was felt more or less severely in various parts of the country.

They then seized this pressure and derangement, (which they were still increasing, and continually held the power through the Bank to increase,) as the ground-work of their next operations. By "heaping high their pyramid" of exaggerations "of the pressure that did exist, they commenced raising their Spectre of Distress, which was to stride through every city, town, and hamlet in the Union, touching every man's purse and dealing out panic and bankruptcy to thousands.

And finally, by vociferating, and reiterating through their presses and orators, from the centre to the extremes of the Republic, the cries and prophecies of suffering, of failures, of ruin, of beggary and starvation among the working people in our cities and manufacturing districts, of a great depreciation in the value of property, &c. of the insolvency of the local Banks, they at last succeeded in producing, to a considerable degree in many parts of the country, the very evils which they predicted, indeed we may almost say threatened, notwithstanding a great majority of the people exerted themselves to bear up and hold out against the tremendous assault.

And now this Bank and its allies are telling us, through their purchased and pensioned presses and orators, their subdued and covering debtors, dependents and hangers-on, and their deluded and infatuated followers, that these evils and embarrassments under which we have been and still are suffering, are the effect of a war between the Government and the Bank of the United States, and that the Government ought to yield, and recharter the Bank, and restore the Deposites, and then money would be plenty, and business active again, and that it is owing to the stubbornness of the present administration that the Government has not thus yielded to the Bank.

And besides, they are telling us that we ought to feel ourselves admonished by our late, and present distresses, of our dependence upon the Bank, and that the people must now see, and feel, that they can not advantageously transact their business, nor indeed many of them continue business without the assistance, or at least without the clemency of such a Bank.

And still more, they are telling the people to be careful in future, as they value their own safety and prosperity, to elect to the first offices in the Government such men only, as are friendly to the Bank, and who will cheerfully accede to its demands, and who are moreover in such close alliance with that powerful corporation, that they can conciliate, and even command its favors and forbearance towards the people.

These attempts, by threats and promises, to drive and seduce from their political rights and duties, and to bring down the highborn sovereigns of this Republic, to be the mercenary tools and slaves of mammon; and all these prophecies of evil, to produce evil and all this oppression, are but a partial development of the power and propensity of this Hydra, in the shape of a National Bank and a Political Faction connected by the execrable, but indissoluble bonds of avarice and ambition.

Whereas these champions of the money power and enemies of the Democracy, are now expending the corporate funds of the Bank by tens of thousands, in flooding the country with "miscellaneous publications" fraught with lies, cavils, and designed misrepresentations respecting the measures of Government, and the faithful officers elected by the people, and in making donations of feasts and jubilees to the populace in our cities, thereby to allure the wavering and unthinking into their service, and in making various other "experiments" on public opinion which for the honor of the country should be nameless; and having once more changed their name with the hope of eluding that political infamy which has so justly, and with such singular fatality, entailed itself upon their party for many years past, and having formed a coalition with a chivalric faction at the South, which they have always heretofore professed to hate, with a warlike hatred, and having, in a word, united the Hartford Convention patriotism of New England, and the purse of the Bank with the sword of Nullification, and christened the whole triad with the name of WHIG; they are taking new courage, and

seem determined to storm the Castle of Liberty and Equality reared by the Godlike founders of our free institutions, and to convert the sacred edifice into a den for the reception and accommodation of a young, but rank and incorrigible aristocracy.

And whereas we view it to be our solemn and bounden duty as freemen, who have shared in the blessings of Liberty and a free Government, to resist such a detestable combination against both; and to use our endeavors, (however limited our sphere of action,) to counteract the aristocratic schemes of men in high places, to convince our fellow citizens as far as we can of their hollowhearted professions & base designs; and by a fearless expression of our principles and feelings at this crisis, to resolve to stand fast in the Liberty wherewith our venerated Revolutionary Fathers have by toils and sacrifices, made us free.

WHEREFORE
RESOLVED, That we "do not despair of the Republic," that we have entire faith in the maxims of the Great Jefferson, that "no danger is to be apprehended from error, while truth is left free to combat it," and that we cherish the fixed belief, that our present, most excellent and happy form of Government, has a sure foundation in the intelligence and patriotism of the great body of the American People; and that the unhallowed machinations, now on foot, to change it into a Bank Oligarchy, will serve only to test its permanence, and to prove to the world its ability to maintain and continue its equal and ample protection, and its impartial practical beneficence to all, though it be tried and tempted with the wealth of Croesus, and assailed by the talents, the desperation, and the perseverance of a cabal of Catalines.

RESOLVED, That the prediction of failures, scarcity of money, low prices, and hard times, shall make us the more determined in our resistance to a moneyed monopoly, and an aristocracy, that have the audacity to threaten, or the power to inflict such evils on a free people, and that we will show to our political opposers, & the world, by our firm and steady adherence to the democratic faith of Equal Rights, that we neither fear the Bank, nor regard its emissaries.

RESOLVED, That unless we "from our souls" prefer the lonely cottage whilst blest with liberty, to gilded palaces, surrounded with the enigmas of slavery, we are unworthy of the name of Democrats.

RESOLVED, That the majority in the House of Representatives and the minority in the Senate, during the late session of Congress, have merited the admiration of the friends of free Government throughout the world, and the lasting gratitude of their fellow citizens, by breasting the torrent of wealth, talents, desperation, and corruption, with such ability, patriotism and dignity.

RESOLVED, That we regard Andrew Jackson as a powerful instrument, providentially placed in the hands of the sovereign People of the United States, through their unthought suffrages, by which they have since the commencement of his administration successfully encountered and put to flight, the insidious encroachments upon State Rights, and the monarchical consolidation of Federalism, on the one hand; and the mad anarchy, and rebellious revolutionary projects on the other, and by which we believe they will shortly demolish the Bastille of paper money in this country, with all its abuses and corruptions.

RESOLVED, That we have undiminished confidence in the wisdom, honesty, and devoted patriotism of our present venerable chief magistrate, that we feel assured that the glorious deeds of the Nation, and the important, and conservative acts of the Government with which he stands conspicuously associated as a principal agent, have laid for him, a foundation for a fame "that will defy the secret shocks of envy, and all sapping time."

RESOLVED, That the late attempt of the enemies of the President, to cast derision and reproach upon his revolutionary services, because he was but an obscure youth when he voluntarily went forward to share the dangers and hardships of that perilous contest for liberty, is a true index to their political characters, and shows that such men have nothing in them "of the feelings and principles of '76," and that they have it in their hearts to deride and condemn, not only the perils and scars of the brave soldiers of the revolution, but also the eternal principles for which they fought.

RESOLVED, That we detest the doctrine, that the created is greater than the creator, that public agents are above the control of the people for whom they act, espoused and practically exemplified by some members of the U. S. Senate during its late session, and that these Senators deserve the severest rebuke from the people for their treacherous course, in thus bringing in the antirepublican heresy, even denying the people, who have in their highest capacity honored them with their confidence, by creating them Senators, and in the same capacity instructed them, believing they had a right so to instruct their public agents.

RESOLVED, That the management of the Federal party during the memorable political contest of 1832, is fresh in our recollection, that we well remember their delusive statements respecting the result of the then pending elections—their repeated distributions of multitudes of their lying Newspapers and Handbills, which were eagerly scattered far and wide, "in the night time," as well as by day; and their prophecies that the country would be inundated with English goods, and our own manufactures ruined—and that we have not forgotten their accusations against us, that we were too favorably disposed towards the lazy, improvident, slave-holding Nullifiers of the South, as the federalists were then pleased to call them—and

neither have we forgotten their means over "the treasonable proceedings of a Jackson Legislature in selling about one third of the soil and territory of the State, together with several thousands of the citizens of Maine to the British, for British Gold"—all which things were said and done as now fully appears to us, with the low design to mislead their own party, and to deter us from voting according to our better judgment, or from voting at all;—therefore we do firmly resolve that we place no confidence in the rumors or statements contained in Federal Addresses, Newspapers and Handbills, especially when they are circulated by thousands gratuitously on the eve of important elections.

RESOLVED, That while we entertain sentiments of regard towards the honest and fearless throughout the country of whatever party or name, who are in the spirit of patriotism coming up to the help of Democracy, against the giant power and influence of wealth, we feel especially constrained to proffer the right hand of fellowship and communion to those who were formerly our political friends and associates, now estranged from us, and that we will condescend such to review their present principles and standing, and to compare them with the sacred doctrines held and taught by the illustrious Jefferson, the great political Father of us all, and that we will moreover respectfully and earnestly invite them to return into the great Republican party and re-unite with us, who know how to appreciate their principles and their patriotic positions, during the dark and trying period of our late war, who esteem it their highest honor, instead of a stain upon their "moral and religious character," that they then rejoiced at the victories of our own gallant countrymen over our enemies.

PROOF INCONVERTIBLE.

By the official accounts of the Bank, it appears that its curtailments from Oct. 1st, of last year, to March 1st, of this year, five months, were

During the month of March,	\$3,926,373
" " April,	1,361,012
" " May,	1,050,352
" " June,	1,554,573
Total reduction for the last 9 months,	1,100,000

being only a fraction less than ONE MILLION A MONTH.

That a reduction so UNPRECEDENTED would be enough to ruin any other Country but this, every one must perceive. Now the question is, *was it necessary?* Aye, WAS IT NECESSARY?

At a meeting of the Board, March 8th, a committee of the directors made a report which was adopted by the Board. In that the Committee say "They cannot forbear to express their deliberate conviction, that these reductions are MUCH LESS than are required for its (the Bank's) SECURITY, during the present unsettled state of the country; and that it has now become the duty of the Bank gently but steadily to diminish the amount of the claims upon it BY CONTINUING TO LESSEN ITS BUSINESS."

Here then we have the declarations of the Bank, of their DELIBERATE CONVICTIONS that this unprecedented rapid curtailment was MUCH LESS THAN WAS NECESSARY—and we find by their official accounts that they ACTED in accordance with these deliberate convictions.

Now turn to the correspondence just published between the New York Merchants and Biddle. The Committee after saying that "a large portion of the difficulties under which the commercial community have labored for some months past, has arisen from the restrictions deemed necessary on the part of the Bank," &c. go on to say further that the "U. S. Bank in safety, beyond all contingency, with RESOURCES ABUNDANT, AND INCREASING BEYOND ALL EXAMPLE, CAN AND OUGHT to come forward to the relief and support of the Commercial interests of the Country." "We will frankly state our views to be, that the SYSTEM OF RESTRICTION ADOPTED BY THE BANK LAST AUTUMN, SHOULD NOW BE ENTIRELY ABANDONED, and in its stead, that a course of free and useful enlargement of its loans should be substituted, to the extent of FIVE OR TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS."

In answer to this, Biddle virtually admits the TRUTH of the foregoing and intimates an intention of complying with their wishes. In view of these facts, will any man have the effrontery that the Bank has been doing RIGHT?—that the report of the directors of their "DELIBERATE CONVICTIONS" were not DELIBERATE FALSEHOODS?

In view of these facts, the talented editor of the Globe says, "The admission that the Bank can now, with perfect security, without a removal of the deposits, and without any change in the attitude of the government, extend its business ten millions, is a confession 'trumpet tongue,' that the entire curtailments made since the removal of the deposits were TOTALLY UNNECESSARY; that all the real distress of the country, was brought upon it wantonly and wickedly, by the policy of the Bank; that the official exposition in March, and its statements in relation to the security of the Bank and the necessity of further reductions, willfully unfounded; and that the whole course of the institution from the 1st of October, 1833, to the 1st of July 1834, has been characterized by a scene of misrepresentation, hypocrisy, cruelty and wickedness, sufficient to have covered any private individual with everlasting in-

famy, if it had not consigned him to condign punishment. Every man who has been made a bankrupt by the panic and pressure, will now turn to Nicholas Biddle, and say, 'Sir, this is your work!' The miserable dupes who, having been baffled in their speculations, or interrupted in their business, were taught to believe that it was attributable to the measures of the President, will now turn to Nicholas Biddle and indignantly tell him, 'Sir, we now understand both the source and the wickedness of the evils which we have endured, and YOU, WE HOLD RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.' And how will Mr. Biddle face the thousands of honest people whom he deluded into the belief, and forced to resolve, that all the distresses of the country, real and imaginary, were produced by the removal of the deposits!"

From the Age.
AMERICAN ADVOCATE. The editor of the Advocate calls upon us for proof of its apostacy. We can easily gratify him. If the advocate has not apostatized from the Republican Party, why is it now politically associated with the leading federal presses in New England, the Boston Centinel and Palladium, Daily Advertiser, Boston Courier, Portsmouth Journal, Portland Gazette, &c? While under the direction of its former editor, Nathaniel Cheever, whose memory will long be cherished by the republicans of this State, the Advocate had no fellowship with these papers.

If it be not justly chargeable with apostacy, why does it now defend the political opinions and support the views of the political men in New England, who in 1800, 1808 and 1812 were, and still are the leaders of the old federal party, we allude to Harrison G. Otis, Josiah Quincy, Daniel Webster, William Sullivan, Thomas H. Perkins, Benjamin Russell, Samuel S. Wilde, Stephen Longfellow, Samuel Fessenden, Samuel A. Bradley, and others of the like political stamp? The Advocate in former days never supported the principles of these men.

If it has not deserted the republican party, why are old federal politicians of this country, nine out of ten of them, now identified with it in feeling and principle? Where are such men as Robert H. Gardiner, the Vaughans, John Merrick, Samuel Wood, Timothy Boutelle, Daniel Cony, George Crosby, Henry Sewall, Thomas Bowman, William Emmons, the Old Pillars of the Party? not where Mr. Cheever found them, the enemies of the Advocate, but its bosom friends.

From the Age.
Boston Electioneering Fund. Do the Boston Aristocracy thing that Maine can be bought and that their Gold is to carry the elections? Do they suppose their Money and Agents are to effect a political revolution in Maine, and bind her Democracy to the car of the Federal Junco that rule their own State? Miserable delusion!

Read the following extract of a letter, published in the Argus of the 21st inst. without indignation, if you can? Th. Federalists of Boston, it appears, are in fine business. They are subscribing their hundred dollars, their fifty dollars, and their forty dollars to be expended in the coming elections in Maine. Agents, we know, are now actually travelling through different parts of the State, distributing their extra Advertisers and political Pamphlets and electioneering with our citizens. We now see how these Agents are paid:—and how their Extras and Pamphlets are paid for. They have money enough, and to spare—money from the Cruseses of Boston and the Banks, and they need not stint their labors. They leave their Sub Agents behind them in most of the towns to the manage in their absence.

Do these Sub Agents participate in the proceeds of the Kilby Street subscriptions? Their time and actual expenses, of course, must be paid. There is no bribery in this,—none at all. It is all "a fair business transaction." And this is the way the elections in this State are to be carried by the Boston Money Changers.

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in Portland dated Boston, July 19, 1834.
Dear Sir,—Agents from Portland are now in this city, obtaining subscriptions of money to be expended in the coming elections in Me. The subscriptions passed among the Federalists in Kilby street yesterday. Some gave ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS! others FIFTY DOLLARS, and others smaller sums. The Federalists in this city say there will be more money expended in Maine at the next election, than in all others heretofore had in that State, put together.

The Democracy of Maine is to be assailed by enemies without as well as those within.—That fair, young, and enterprising State, is to feel the touch of Boston Federalism in the next election. That she may be preserved from its deathlike embrace, is the hope of every patriot.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN."
In the last federal Advertiser, Brooks says, "and we can say with equal certainty that the Bank does not shrink, and HAS NOT SHRUNK from any fair, candid and GENTLEMANLY scrutiny."

Now a Committee of Congress having waited on the Bank, and the latter having refused to exhibit its books and papers and submit to an examination,—having literally "shrunk from scrutiny"—it follows that Mr. Brooks thinks the Committee were not GENTLEMEN.—Clay also in one of his vaunting speeches last winter, justified Biddle in virtually thrusting the Government Directors from a seat at that board, because they were not GENTLEMEN. Old John Adams once said that mankind were naturally divided into two classes, GENTLE-

FEMALE PIETY.

The gem of all others which enriches the coronet of a Lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much on her person—the enchantment of the countenance—the gracefulness of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, her loveliness is uncrowned, till piety hovers around the whole, the sweetness and power of her charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper—nearly in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it is her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thralldom of earth and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charms over many—Princes and Conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry may emblaze her memory in history and song—yet piety must be her ornament—her pearl. Her name must be written in the "Book of life," that when mountains fade away, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng, which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of Heaven.

With such a treasure every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased—friendships will be doubly sweet—pain and sorrow shall lose their sting—and the character will possess a price far "above rubies"—life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard and sleeping millions awake to judgment, his oppressor shall be presented "faithless before the throne of God with exceeding joy, and a crown of life that shall never wear away."

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty to the Paradise of God.

Follow this star, dear lady, it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life—gild the gloom that will gather around you in a dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, in the Haven of promised and settled rest.

As the Rev Mr. — of —, was one morning taking his 'widely devious morning walk,' he observed his son, a lad of perhaps half a dozen, busily engaged near a small temporary stream of water. Passing near him, he inquired what he was doing. 'Building a dam,' replied the boy. 'Pa,' continued he, 'is it wicked to say dam?' 'Oh no,' answered the grave divine. 'Well pa,' returned the boy, with a look corresponding to the sanctimony of his reverend father, 'I saw a d—m great toad down here just now.'

The following toasts were drank at a celebration of the 4th inst., in Brow's Island, near Fredericksburg, Va. —

By the Hon. Martin Van Buren. Unqualified and uncompromising opposition to the Bank of the United States—The interest and honor of the people demand it.

By the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. A national currency, not of paper, but of gold—The first step towards restoring the constitution to its original integrity, and saving the people from the evils and mischiefs of the whole paper system.

By the Hon. John Forsyth. Roger B. Taney, Andrew Stevenson, and the rejected Government Directors of the Bank of the United States—That policy which obstructs elevation to office for the practical application of honest opinion to the discharge of high public trusts, cannot meet the sanction of the people, without impairing the confidence of truth, and lessening the energy of virtue.

By the Hon. L. White. The strife of party—May it be made to subserve the cause of liberty.

By the Hon. Wm. C. Rives. The Government of the People or the Government of the Bank—There can be no halting between these two opinions—let freemen choose.

By the Hon. Andrew Stevenson. Virginia! May that fortune which sustained her in the conflict of '98 and '99, and the success that crowned her efforts, inspire her with new zeal in defence of her principles, and in resisting that powerful combination of money and ambition which threaten to lay low the liberties of the people.

By the Hon. P. P. Barbour. The Bank of the United States—The power given by the constitution to Congress over the currency of the country, is not to incorporate banks, nor to provide a circulating medium of paper, but to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin.

By the Hon. Campbell P. White. The Ancient Dominion of Virginia—the Resolutions of 1793—Principles equally necessary to the maintenance of the right of the States, and to the preservation of the integrity of the Union.

Thomas Jefferson.—While a small rate writer of this city, under the title of "Familiar Letters," is tracing the character of the author of the Declaration of Independence, the illustrious Madison in reply to an invitation on the 4th, is sending the following patriotic sentiments to the Democrats of Philadelphia. —

Montpelier, June 29, 1834.—I have received, fellow citizens, your letter inviting me to the democratic festival, to be given on the 4th of July. I beg that the company may be assured of my due respect for so kind a mark of their

attention; but the gratification I might feel in being presented on an occasion cherishing the constitutional doctrines, maintained by Virginia in 1798-9, as an authentic view of the relations between the government of the Union, and the government of the States, denied to me by the debility and indisposition under which I continue to labor.

For the friendly and flattering terms in which the committee have conveyed the invitation, they will please to accept my sincere acknowledgments; and for the requested toast, I beg leave to offer—

The memory of the author of the Declaration of Independence—author of the bill establishing religious freedom in Virginia, and Father of her University. JAMES MADISON.

Mockery.—The finance committee of the senate, consisting of Messrs. Webster, Ewing, Tyler and Mangum, have been constituted a committee of investigation, to sit during the recess of congress, for the purpose of examining the affairs of the U. S. Bank, and reporting at the next session. Four men, devoted to the interest of the bank, who have wasted the money of the people by protracting the last session to favor that institution, are now appointed a committee to examine into its condition. What mockery of legislation is this!

The late committee from the House of Representatives, consisting of men of both political parties, were refused admittance to the bank, were refused the books for examination, and were sent back to Washington, to report that the bank did not acknowledge the right of the House to institute the examination to the extent directed. But now these four men, these sticklers for the bank, will be received with welcome and will attempt to whitewash that institution, by a favorable report at the next session. Was ever such a miserable subterfuge to conceal corruption before attempted!—*Poughkeepsie Telegraph.*

The Government of Old Harvard appear to be demoted. The following is from the Transcript:—

CAMBRIDGE, Monday evening. [Extract of a letter to the Editor.] "The Faculty have refused the yearly charity to the indigent students, thus punishing the innocent with the guilty, the cautious with the unguarded. This morning the senior class subscribed \$100 in a short time, to make up the sum to their necessitous classmates. A large amount will undoubtedly be obtained, as no one gives less than \$5. The exhibition was held to-day. No students were present save the speakers, and there were only forty persons in the house, including the Faculty, their wives and daughters. A sorry affair. No parts have been announced for commencement. They should have been on Saturday. Probably no college festival this year."

We learn from Cambridge this afternoon, that the Valedictory Poem of the Senior Class, which was to be delivered to-day, was suppressed by the College Government!! What next?

Mr Robinson, the Bank candidate, has been elected a member of Congress from Virginia, in place of Mr Stevenson.

A good 'un.—The Fitchburg Republican says that since the decapitation of the figure head, the Boston wigs have one more wooden head than they had before.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss. TAKE notice that Execution will be sold at public vendue, on Monday the eleventh day of August next, at one o'clock P. M. at the house of Jedediah Burbank, Esq. on Bethel Hill, in said county, all the right, title and interest which Aaron Abbot owns or claims, by virtue of a possession or improvement, to a certain tract of land situated in said Bethel, being the northerly half of Intervale lot, laid out to the first settled minister in said Bethel, and the northerly half of one hundred acre Lot, Numbered Nineteen in the first Range of Lots in said town of Bethel.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr. Deft. Shff. Bethel, July 8, 1834. 3w 45

The Hartford Pearl, AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOLUME FOURTH—PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK. Edited by Isaac C. Pray, Junr.

THE publisher flattered and encouraged by steady and increasing support, has concluded to issue the fourth volume of this journal in weekly numbers. The first number of the FOURTH VOLUME will be issued at Hartford, Conn., on Saturday, August 16th, 1834; and thereafter the work will be published every week, each number containing eight large quarto pages—equal to sixty duodecimo pages—of miscellaneous and original matter, printed on superior white paper, with perfectly new type. A handsome title-page and correct index will be furnished, and the work, at the end of the year, will form an exactly printed volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, equal to three thousand duodecimo pages.

The volume will contain twenty-six pieces of music for the Piano Forte, Flute, &c. equal to one hundred pages of common sheet music, which could not be purchased separately for less than five dollars; and the publisher is determined to procure the simple rather than the complex and difficult.

Although the publisher places no dependence whatever in the support of it, as a literary paper, from its engravings, yet there will be presented occasionally, plates from copper and wood of beautiful workmanship and finish.

Its contents will be various and spirited, as there will be, each month, a General Record of Occurrences, Statistics, Obituary Notices, List of Marriages and Deaths, &c. &c. in addition to the Tales, Legends, Essays, Travelling, Literary, Figurative and Historical Sketches, Biography, Poetry, &c. &c., making an elegant paper for the parlor, and for the lover of polite literature, as contributions will be secured from some of the most popular American Authors.

The work will be printed as well, and contain as much reading matter as any similar quarto paper now published in the United States; and it can safely and truly be called the cheapest journal of the kind. To Hartford, and to the State of Connecticut in particular, and to New England, the publisher looks for patronage.

Terms.—Three dollars per annum, (as the paper is firmly established) to be paid in advance. Two dollars for six months to be paid in advance. Orders, with the payment, should be sent in by the first of August if possible. Hartford, June 16, 1834. 50

THE SATURDAY COURIER.

The largest and cheapest Weekly Newspaper in the United States, is published every Saturday by Woodward and Spragg, price \$2 per annum, payable in advance.

THIS popular journal is printed on a sheet of paper comparable to it in size. It contains thirty-two columns of reading matter, each column being equal to twelve pages of a duodecimo book.

THE COURIER though but three years in existence, has an actual circulation of twenty-one thousand copies. This unparalleled patronage shows the high estimation in which it is every where held.

The COURIER possesses advantages over all other weekly newspapers. Its immense size admits of the greatest possible variety, and its contents furnish an extensive, useful, novel, entertaining and instructive miscellany, comprising the different branches of popular literature, such as Tales, Poetry, Essays, &c. &c.; notices of the Fine Arts, History, &c. &c.; Prices Current of the Grain Market; Foreign and Domestic Intelligence; and an abstract and summary of all matters which may possess interest for the general reader.

The original articles of the COURIER are contributed by the ablest writers in the country, and in the selection of literary matter, the publishers exercise the greatest care. Their exchange list includes the most valuable American journals; and among other periodicals which they receive from abroad may be specially enumerated the *Belt's Monthly Magazine*, the *Knickerbocker*, the *London Literary Gazette*, the *Blackwood's*, the *Norton's*, the *La Belle Assemblée*, the *World of Fashion*, and the *United Service Journal*. Through their Agent, Mr. WILKINSON, they are also furnished with the choicest English papers, including the *John Bull*, the *Bell's* in London, &c.

In preparing the contents of the COURIER, strict regard is paid to News. All foreign intelligence, up to the latest dates, is invariably given; and whenever a press of important matter, the publishers furnish an extensive and complete summary of the most interesting events of the day. The summary of domestic affairs is more complete, correct and ample, and embodies a greater extent and variety of information than can be found in any other paper, as in addition to a condensed statement of localities, a synopsis of passing events in all parts of the country is regularly prepared and published.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT embraces reviews of new publications; notices of the Fine Arts, &c.; descriptions of public improvements, &c.; remarks on general topics, discussed in suitable subjects; dramatic criticisms, &c. This department has been, and will continue to be, conducted in a spirit of the most fair independence. Whatever comes fairly within observation shall be frankly dealt with, and no station or influence will deter the prompt and decided expression of unbiased opinion.

In fine the SATURDAY COURIER professes to be the largest, cheapest, most diversified, entertaining and instructive weekly newspaper issued from the American press. The publisher claims for its contents a comparison of vigorous originality, judicious selection, extensive variety, and interesting detail; and they invite comparison with contemporary publications.

PREMIUMS. Persons procuring five subscribers to this paper, and forwarding a list of names, will receive a copy of the COURIER, and a sixth copy gratis. Persons forwarding ten subscribers, and remitting twenty dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy and a discount of ten per cent. Persons forwarding fifteen subscribers and thirty dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy of the paper, and a copy of Lord Byron's Works, Sir Walter Scott's Works or any other work of a similar character and value which they may desire.

Uncurrent notes of solvent banks received at par. Address, postage paid, WOODWARD & SPRAGG, No. 2, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philad. N. B. Editors inserting the above advertisement, and forwarding a copy of their respective papers to this office, will be furnished with the SATURDAY COURIER for one year.

PROSPECTUS OF THE GAZETTEER OF MAINE.

NOW in press, and will soon be published, "A Gazetteer of Maine," compiled from the best sources of information, and containing a full and complete description of the counties, towns, rivers, mountains, and all the useful and interesting features of the State. The whole will pass under the inspection and review of able judges, and assurance is given that the work shall be full, complete and correct. We are aware that there has been imposition and deception in book subscriptions, and we desire that no subscriber will be required to take the book when published unless he is entirely satisfied with its appearance. It is absolutely necessary that subscriptions sufficient should be obtained to cover the expenses, which will be considerable.

CONDITIONS.—This work will contain about five hundred octavo pages, printed on good paper and new type, and well bound, and will be delivered to subscribers at two dollars per copy, and the price will not be reduced. Editors in this State who will insert this prospectus in their paper a few weeks, shall receive a copy of the work. Any person who shall procure eight subscribers shall receive a copy gratis. Bangor, April, 1834. 17

To the Hon. County Commissioners within and for the County of Oxford, at their Session to be held at Paris, in and for said County on the 3d Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned respectfully represent that the County Road as now travelled from Hiram to the Brownfield Centre, in said County, to Eaton N. H., is not in the best place; that very great improvements may be made by establishing a new County Road on some other route, and by making alterations in the old County road in other portions of the distance. They therefore pray that after due proceedings had, such new County road and such alterations of the old road, as may be adjudged expedient may be established, beginning near the dwelling house of James Stearns in Brownfield, thence running westerly, in the best place to where the old County road as now travelled, crosses the line between Brownfield and Eaton aforesaid; and that such portions of the old County road as may become unnecessary to the public, in consequence of the laying out of the new road and alterations of the old road as herein prayed for, may be discontinued. All in said Brownfield. SAMUEL E. SPRING, & Others. Brownfield, June 6, 1834.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Gen. James Steele in said Brownfield on Wednesday the twenty seventh day of August next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition, and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Brownfield and Eaton, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, June term, 1834.

THE Subscribers, inhabitants of the County of Oxford, would respectfully represent that a public road or highway is much needed to commence at the line between the towns of Brownfield and Eaton, N. H., near the dwelling house of Abraham Linscott in said Brownfield, thence running Southerly and Easterly near the house of Thomas Cole, Esq. and Mr. Stephen Rounds in said Brownfield, to the line between said Brownfield and Porter, thence about the same direction by or near the house of Mr. George Kennebec on the most convenient road, leading from the town of Freedom, N. H., to Cornish. Your petitioners would therefore request that the Commissioners of said county, would appoint a time to meet, explore, and lay out said road.

STEPHEN ROUNDS, & 10 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing Petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Abraham Linscott in said Brownfield on Friday the twenty ninth day of August next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Brownfield and Porter, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said towns of Brownfield and Porter, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Session begun and held at Paris, in and for said County on the 3d Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned respectfully represent, that a new County road is much needed, beginning near Col. Eben. Rawson in Paris aforesaid, and then running northerly along a valley, and varying as circumstances of the land require, until it strikes a road leading from Sumner to John Butterfield's; and that a further location of a County road is necessary, beginning at some convenient point on the road already prayed for, or near Luther Washburn's land in said Paris, and thence the most convenient direction to Washburn's Mills in said Paris. The former location will accommodate the travel from Sumner, and is connected with the Sumner road—the latter will add the Woodstock travel, and is connected with the Woodstock road—and both are required for general public accommodation, and the undersigned pray that the same be located and established. They further pray, that the petition of Ozen Gurney & others may be continued until a decision be had on this petition.

ASAPH KITTRIDGE, & 53 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Col. Eben. Rawson in said Paris on Thursday the eighteenth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Paris, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Paris, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Court next to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned pray your honors to lay out and establish a new County road, commencing near the Spectacle ponds in Livermore in said County, thence west of Lovell's Hill by Bretton's mills to Turner-Village, in said County, or so much of the distance between these termini as you shall judge the public convenience and necessity require, or to make such alterations in the road as now travelled, as you may deem necessary.

ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and held at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Asa Francis in Livermore on Friday the twelfth day of September next, and at North Turner Post Office in said Turner, on Monday the fifteenth day of September next, at nine o'clock A. M., on each of said days, when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and on the County Attorney of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45

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ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

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Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land hereafter described, in the town of Albany, county of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in bills committed to the subscriber to collect for the year 1833, in the following sums respectively annexed, viz:—

Names of proprietors.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Road Tax for 1833.	Total.
Dana & Patte including Mills & other buildings.	4 6 160	1400 930	930	
Elijah Grover including Mills.	5 7 100	350 945	357 1302	
Henry C. Lawrence, part.	2 11 110	25 75	46 112	
Walker place including buildings.	6 1 100	15 40	80 130	
S. part.	5 3 20	4 24	24	
2nd unless said taxes and necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before the tenth day of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of said Real Estate will be sold at public auction at the dwelling house of John Hunt, Esq. Inholder in said Albany, as will be sufficient to pay said taxes and expenses of sale.	8 8 80	34 34		

Albany, July 2, 1834.

Commissioner's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Subscriber have been duly appointed by the Hon. Stephen Emery Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the Estate of the late Dr. Oliver Griswold, late of Fryeburg, deceased, represented insolvent; and six months from the 24th day of June last, are allowed to the creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that they will attend to the duties of that appointment, at the dwelling house of the deceased, on the last Mondays of July, August, September, October, November and December next, on each of said days.

JUDAH DANA, DANIEL CLEMENT. Fryeburg, July 7, 1834. DR. JEBB'S

Rheumatic Liniment.

THIS highly approved and long celebrated application for Rheumatic Disorders, is carefully prepared according to the Original Recipe of Sir Richard Jebb, Baronet, Physician to her late Majesty and Royal Family. It is doubtless true, that the excruciating pain, the deformity, deformity and premature old age, which are the usual attendants and consequences of this dreaded disorder, are suffered by many persons from utter despair of a cure, or frequent disappointment in the efficacy of the numerous pretended antidotes used to effect this purpose. But those who have made trial of Dr. Jebb's Rheumatic Liniment, even in obstinate cases of long standing, and of the most severe character, have received dessential relief, and many have been cured in a few days, some in twenty-four hours, as a number of persons in Boston and vicinity, who were formerly afflicted with the Rheumatism, have very fully and satisfactorily testified. Certificates are in the possession of the Proprietor, which prove the most thorough and surprising cures by means of this most powerful Liniment in cases where other approved applications have totally failed. The Liniment is also used with signal success, and may be confidently recommended, for *Chilblains, Bruises, Sprains, Numbness, Stiffness of the Joints, &c.*—Price, 50 Cents.

The following copy of a letter to the Proprietor is inserted as one among the many proofs of the surprising efficacy of Dr. Jebb's Liniment in the cure of the Rheumatism.

To the Proprietor of Dr. Jebb's Liniment.

CHARLESTOWN, (Mass.) JUNE 23, 1837. Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe to suffering humanity, to acquaint you, and through you the public, (should you think best,) of the unexpected and surprising cure performed on myself by the use of the above most excellent Medicine. I have been for more than thirty years, and sometimes most severely, afflicted with the Rheumatism; have been frequently rendered perfectly helpless, and in consequence confined to my bed, when it has required two persons to move me, being in such extreme pain. I have several times been under the care of the most eminent physicians, but procured only temporary relief. I one day noticed the advertisement of Dr. Jebb's Liniment, with the testimonials accompanying it, and was induced to try a bottle, which I used without much sensible benefit. I concluded however to persevere, and bought another bottle, and was greatly relieved, and by the use of half the third bottle was wholly cured, and have never since had a return of the pain, which I had not been free from a month at a time for thirty years; and it is now more than three years since I was cured. I would most earnestly advise every person suffering under this painful complaint, not to despair of a cure so long as they can obtain "Dr. Jebb's Liniment." You are at liberty to make any use of this you may think advisable.

Most respectfully yours, CALEB SYMMES.

Prepared from the Original MS. Recipe of the late Dr. W. T. Conway, by T. KIDDER, his Immediate Successor and the Sole Proprietor—Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug-Store, corner of Court and Hanover Sts., near Center Hall, Boston, and by his special appointment, by Smith and Bennett Norway Village, where the above may be had, together with all those valuable Medicines prepared by the late Dr. Conway; and by his special appointment, they may also be had of various Druggists, Booksellers, Postmasters, &c. throughout the country. None of these Medicines are genuine without the written signature of T. KIDDER, on the outside printed wrapper.

JOHN HODGSON, Land Agent of Maine, and Skowhegan Sentinel, will publish this notice till the time of sale.

The Oxford Democrat, Eastern Argus, Age, and Skowhegan Sentinel, will publish this notice till the time of sale.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the County of Oxford, at their Court next to be held at Paris on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1834.

THE undersigned pray your honors to lay out and establish a new County road, commencing near the Spectacle ponds in Livermore in said County, thence west of Lovell's Hill by Bretton's mills to Turner-Village, in said County, or so much of the distance between these termini as you shall judge the public convenience and necessity require, or to make such alterations in the road as now travelled, as you may deem necessary.

ROBERT GOODENOW, & 100 others.

Attest: R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk. A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon. 3w 45